The best account of German or state sostalism that we have seen in English is conmonteralth, by LAURENCE GRONLUND (Lee & Shepard). This little volume, of some 280 pares, sets forth with admirable conciseness and distinctness all the leading tenets of the pocialistic philosophy and political economy. for which the inquisitive reader has been hitharto compelled to ransack a multitude of books and pamphlets for the most part printed in the German language. Whether one is disposed to look hopefully or distrustfully at the new social order, formulated by Carl Marx, and advocated by Lassalle, no American reader who testres to be well informed can afford to negleet the incid learned, and often eloquent ex-position which Mr. Groniund offers us. We purpose to indicate the scope and value of this most welcome book by showing how the author corrects some egregious misconceptions of the aims and methods of the coming revolution in

the organization of production and distribu

tion, and what, in the judgment of the

author, will be the effect upon the manage

ment of affairs, upon the position of woman.

and upon the education and morals of the community.

In the first place, Mr. Gronlund is careful to demons rate that the cooperative common-wealth contemplated by German Socialists is in no sense communistic. It is natural enough that many people should confound socialism with communism, since even an accomplished expounder of the orthodox political economy like Prof. Fawcett makes the blunder of assuming that the Socialists propose to divide all property into equal parts. Of communism in this conse the Shakers are an example. Let us see how their principles are distinguished Communists make all property common property, while our commonwealth will place only the instruments of production-land, ma-chinery, raw materials, and so forth-under collective control. They require every one to do his share of labor, and allow him to coneverybody at perfect liberty to work as much or as little as he pleases, or not at all, but makes his consumption exactly commensurate with his performances. • • In short, the metto of socialism is. Everybody according to his decile;' while that of communism is, 'Everybody according to his needs." Mr. Gronlund admits that the communistic motto is the more generous, but he submits that " our [the socialistic) motto is more just, taking human nature nature as it is just their merit." He goes on to arraign communism, because, first, it means to abolish the institution of property. and because, secondly, it must result in crushing out all individuality. "Socialism not only will do neither of these things, but the very reverse. Instead of taking property away from everybody, it would enable everybody to acquire property. It will truly sanction the institution of individual ownership by placing property on an unimpeachable basis, that of being the resuit of one's individual exertions. Thereby it will afford the very mightiest stimulus for individuality to unfold itself. Property will belong to its possessor by the very strongest of all titles, to be enjoyed as he thinks proper, but not to be used as an instrument for fleecing his

It will already have been made evident that Mr. Gronlund and the German Socialists go much further than Mr. Henry George, who, by the way, has never professed to be a Socialist Mr. George would nationalize the land, but Mr. Gronlund would nationalize, as we have seen all the instruments of production, of which iand is only one. The latter acknowledges that either of the two remedies proposed in Progress and Poverty"-confiscation of land, or that less violent expedient, the confiscation rent-would have two results highly beneficial, viz., the revenues of the community from land would be largely increased, and the vast sums now squandered in purchase money and rents for purely fletitious values would be saved. But he insists that, in our country, and Germany and France, to nationalize the land would be to begin at the wrong end. Society, according to Mr. Gronland, is not but "may be said to be suffering the pangs of childbirth. To assist her deliverance touching agricultural lands with the Socialist wand would be as inexpedient as to help a fant out first, for the reason that the evolution in acriculture is everywhere far behind the evolution in all other industries." If, therefore, the cooperative commonwealth were to be founded in the United States, Socialists like Mr. Gronlund would make a distinction between the soil of cities and towns, and agricultural lands. They would have the former taken under collective control simultaneously with other capital, but they insist that the nationallzation of such urban lands should not be considered as a measure by itself, but merely as ar adjunct to the assumption of collective control over manufactures, distribution of products and transportation. The naturalization of agricultural lands might, in a country like ours. be very long deferred. There is another point on which there seems

to be much misconception. It is generally taken for granted, for no better reason, probably, than because some excesses were com mitted in the last days of the Paris Commune that the revolution to which Socialists look for the regeneration of society will necessarily violent and bloody. Here, again, let us listen to Mr. Gronfund. "Socialists." It seems " are ready to admit that if our plutocrats are willing peaceably to give up their possessions to the commonwealth, they ought to be fairly compensated on the sole ground that these possessions were acquired by the sanction of society." On the other hand, "should our plutocracy choose to make the revolution a violent one, then, we suppose, they will be dispossessed without compensation," the dominant class having furnished the proletariat with a plenty of precedents. Although Mr Gronland writes with singular good temper, and avoids exciting animosity among the la boring masses against the possessors of capital, yet in his final chapter he ad that the socialistic revolution can never be brought about without an outburst of passion, and he must therefore contemplate, however unwillingly, the disbressful results which history has shown usu attend such outbursts. To the question. what the present preachers of socialism hope to accomplish, he replies that they have no expectation of converting a majority. They aim to de what the abolitionists did-create a minority. respectable in numbers, intelligence, and therey. But this minority created, what would wait with patience "for the natural culmina tion of the present industrial system (which be believes will be death by exhaustion) and for the outburst of passion. Passion? Yes. We are not indebted to reason for the landmarks human progress, not for the introduction of Christianity, not for the institution of the monastic orders, not for the crusades, not for the Refermation, not for the American Revolution not for the abolition of slavery. Man is only irresistible when he acts from passion. The masses of men are never moved ex-tept by passions, feelings, interest." Mr. Gronlund thinks it possible that the passions of the people in the United States or in Great Britain will be roused by what may transpire on the Continent of Europe. He has no doubt that the first serious attempt to establish the toop=rative commonwealth will be made there: but he foresees that the attempt will be des perately resisted by the possessors of military power, and that even if the revolution should Fore successful in any one Continental country, it might succumb to invasion by the forces thich came near strangling the first French reputile in its infancy. Such a spectacle, in the author's opinion, would be not unlikely to provoke among English-speaking Socialists analagous movements which would have a far to make it natural for men to love their neigh-towers reasons for believing that Great Britain bore as themselves. Socialists want all to be

or the United States is to be the country where a complete transformation of society is to be effected. The United States, we are reminded. possess the immense advantage of being able to make a socialistic experiment without danger of any foreign interference. Its estimons possess, moreover, the privilege of carrying on an unrestricted propaganda with tongue and pen, and of thus educating and organizing the thoughtful, clear-sighted, determined minority by which all revolutions are accomplished. Great Britain, it is pointed out, has the same advantages, and in addition the precedent of Cromwell's revolution, which was essentially a popular uprising against vested rights. Moreover, in both countries, the culmination of the economical evolution, through which the modern industrial system is passing, is nearer than elsewhere—that is to say, division of labor and concentration of wealth are carried further. That is obviously a fact of moment, and another fact only second in importance is the efficient organization o workingmen in both countries, but especially in Great Britain.

In a chapter on the administration of affairs Mr. Gronlund endeavors to meet some of the inquiries touching the machinery of government in a socialistic state. He is too sages to sketch the administrative features of his cooperative commonwealth in detail, and he ineists, indeed, that veritable Socialists do not profess to be architects. They believe that the new order will be a natural outgrowth of the established order, but just because it will be a growth, and not a ready-made production of doctrinaires, the details of its mechanism cannot be predicted. Yet he is clearly of the opinion that, instead of the present system of represen-tation, we shall have what is technically called the referendum, by which is meant "the submitting all bills of a general nature to the people they are intended to affect before they have the validity of laws, as already exemplified for some years past in Switzerland to some extent both in national and cantonal affairs." Mr. Gronlund contends that this institution represents exactly the function which the people are fitted to perform and which it is expedient they should perform. "They (the people) are peculiarly fitted to perform this function of ratifying, or rather of retoing, measures (with which our Presidents and Governors are at present improperly intrusted), while they are poculiarly unfitted for the function with which they are invested, that namely, of selecting men of whose qualifications they can know nothing for offices of whose duties they are ignorant. The people," continues Mr. Gronlund, "should leave the framing of laws to the wisest and most competent; but because I should not attempt to make my own shoes, because I am no shoemaker, that is no reason why I should not decilne to buy a certain pair of shoes which the shoumaker has made. I need not be a shoemaker to know whether the shoes pinch me or not. Exactly so with certain laws to say that they do not want certain laws." As to the expediency of the referendam, this is defended on the ground that the stability and goodness of all laws and institutions depend on their suitableness, and the referendem will insure that the coat will fit the back. Moreover, this alone will stimulate and keep alive in the people an eager interest in public affairs. long as a political campaign means only a strife for candidates. • • But when the voters for candidates.

have measures before them, nor merely goneral and, therefore, vague constitutional provisions, but special measures" that directly and palpably affect them, they may fairly be expected to more and more appreciate the fact that suffrage is not a right at all, but a trust, What now does the coming commonwealth propose to do for woman? Again let Mr. Gronlund answer: "It will protect and hold sacred

every proguant woman, whatever she may be

for she will enrich it with one member

who, at all events, is innocent. It will

enable all young people to marry who

may desire to enter wedlock. The great

majority of women undoubtedly will choose marriage, and we believe experience

toaches that married women exercise greater influence everywhere, even in public affairs.

than the unmarried. But there always will be

some women whose special vocation will be

the public service; these will be cheerfully en-

rolled among the public functionaries, for there

will be use and even need for every one of them. * * We may add that the coopera-

tive commonwealth will relieve women of al

drudgery in housekeeping." In a word, the

new order, if we may trust its present ex-

pounder's assurances, will give all women as well as men "that true luxury of which the

great multitude now know nothing, to wit,

leisure, the prerequisits for all development, all

The greatest novelty embraced in the schem of the socialistic State is the ideal of educa-tion. Mr. Gronland does not protend to define what will be taught or how to teach it. Here again he has too much good sense to suppose that minute antecedent definitions are practicable. He denies, indeed, that even those now deemed best qualified to discuss the subject would be competent to form a curriculum for the schools of the future, seeing that the present aim of education is fundamentally differ ent from that of the coming commonwealth On this head the author discourses as follows: The end new sought to be attained by education is to enable the individual to achieve success in life, to get the better of his fellow men in the struggle for the good things of this world. That is the neaning of individualism. No matter that in the nature of things but few can achieve that success, and that those who do succeed for the most part consider their success ill worth the trouble, that toacher is deemed best who best knows how to qualify his pupils for the battle of life. That is why teachers stimulate the ambition of their scholars with prizes, marks, The end to be attained by education in the coming commonwealth will be a very different one. It likewise will be to qualify the pupils for the battle of life, but the battle s to be exclusively directed against nature. and to be waged in period accord with their fellows." Some of the more obvious corollaries from this main principle are outlined by Mr. Gronland, but we must confine ourselves to noting his root idea; we will only add that the capital effect of the education appropriate to a socialistic commonwealth will be the implant-

ing of the feeling of a common duty. While Mr. Gronlund repudiates the idea that there can be any such thing as socialistic eth-ics, he believes that the establishment of a cooperative commonwealth would to some ex-tent enlarge and renovate our conceptions of right and wrong, while it would have a direct bearing on the vitality of those conceptions, and could not fall to elevate the moral plane the community. He contends that the current conception of integrity is simply the formulative outcome of our struggle for life against each other, and he reminds us that a river can rise no higher than its source. The economic system under which we are living creates a multitude o' frauds, dishonesties, and hypocrisies, because men find it to their advantage to practise thom. Now, it is expected that the changed economical relations of a socialistic State will furnish new motives for an en during morality. Not that it has the vision ary aim of altering human nature. On the contrary, the German Socialists make it one of their chief morits that they take human nature as it is. Their commonwealth is built on self-love in robust vigor as on its corner stone. They do not seek to change man, but to change his economical and social en vironment as it has been changed in the past This is distinctly enunciated by Mr. Gronlund in one of his final chapters, with an extract from which we must close a notice of a deeply interesting book. "It will be seen that we by no means want to reform seen. We want to reform their surroundings, the constitution of so-ciety, the mould in which their lives, thoughts. and feelings are cast. Socialists want to make it the interest of all to be honest, to make it to the advantage of all to furnish their best work.

able to take a delight in life for its own sake and in everything that ministers to it, and that is the end of morals."

Motorich Malac

The English mail brings us two new books shout Heinrich Heine—one from the press of Bell & Bon, the other from that of Remington. The former is the poet's long-promised Memoir
—a book that is, in a certain sense, bound to disappoint those who anticipated such a vol-ume of revelations as Helne's correspondence naturally led them to expect. A more peaceful, unsensational chronicle could not be written of unsensational chronicle could not be written or the early days of an English curate. It is a better piece of work than the English curate would give us, no doubt, and has more interest from the personality of its writer. A number of pages of Heine's manuscript were destroyed by his brother, who did not like their references to the humble origin of the family, or the fact that they were Jews. Other pages were de-stroyed by Heine himself, and still others have been omitted by the English translator, who did not think they would bear the test of being read along in the family circle. Still, we have enough left to give a distinct picture of Heine's life up to the age of 16, and of the influences that were the strongest in shaping his course. These memoirs are written in a serio-comic style, as though the author were writing of some one other than himself.

His mother, without doubt, had the most marked influence upon the character of Heine. She was an exceptional woman, highly educated, and with a singularly logical mind, but

having very little taste for poetry and very little sympathy with poets. As she was ashamed of the Jewish connections of the family, she wanted to make it seem impossible that the blood of Israel ran through their veins by training Heinrich for the priesthood. But before this course had been decided upon, the lad had become thoroughly satu-rated with the teachings of infidelity, which he found more to his taste than the religion of his instructor, the Abbè Daunol, an exiled priest, a "little old man, with very clastic features and a brown wig." The Abbè was no more successful in inoculating him with a love of French poetry than of the French church. Heine thinks that it must have been the ministrations of the Abbè which made him dislike French poetry. "I might have been willing to die for France, but to make French verses—never!" Finding that the Church was not to his liking, his mother set him to studying for a diplomatic career. That, too, was given up for excellent reasons, and it was finally decided that Reinrich should become a great banker. To this end he was set to studying bookkeeping and languages, particularly English. He entered the house of one of his father's bankers and the warehouse of a wholesale grocer. In one he re-mained four weeks, in the other three, and learned."how one writes a promissory note and how a nutmer looks;" but as that was bout all he learned, his mother thought that he might do better at the law, and he was accordingly sent to the University of Bonn, just founded. "I wasted three beautiful, flourishing years of my life in the study of the Roman jurists," for as the Bomans themselves had always been hateful to him, so had been their code of laws. When he left the university he hung up his cap and told his mother that the aw was not for him. She saw that she had made another mistake and bore it amiably. Heine still had the greatest admiration for his mother—so great an admiration, indeed, as to give him a feeling of respect for all mothers. Although Frau Hetpe interested herself in her son's education, she never pretended to direct his manner of thinking. Her belief was a severe Delam." She was a disciple of Rousseau, "had rend his 'Emile,' nursed her children herself, and the science of education was her hobby." Her reason and sentiment were "thoroughly healthy," and it was not from her that her son inherited his "fanciful and romantic inclinations." No sacrifice was too great for her to make for Heinrich. When he went to the university, his father's business was in a sad condition, and the mother sold her jewelry, necklass, and earrings, of considerable value, in order to secure his living for the first four years. Heinrich was not the first of his family in the university who " ate gems and swallowed pearls." His mother's father had tried the same experiment." Heine tells s similar tale of his friend Dietrich Grabbe, a dramatist of considerable talent, whose mother on parting with him pressed a package into hands, in which, softly enveloped in cotton, were a dozen silver spoons and a soup ladle. "When I made Grabbe's acquaintance," says Heine, "he had already eaten up the soup Indie, the Goliath, as he called it. To my occasional question how he was doing, he answered incontently and with clouded brow: 'I am just at my third spoon, or 'I am at my fourth spoon,' large ones are disappearing, he one day sighed, and there will be small bites only when the little ones, the teaspoons, shall have their turn : and when they are gone there will be no bites at all." As Plato calls Diogenes a mad Socrates, so Heine calls Grabbe a "drunken Shakespeare."

The person after his mother who took espe-

cial interest in Reine's education was her brother, Simon de Geldern, the nephew's description of whom once read will never be forgotten. Uncle Simon was a peculiar man, unimposing, nay, of an odd appearance; a small, good-looking figure, with a pale, severe face, and a nose as straight as a Greek nose, but surely longer by a third than those noses which were worn by the Greeks." He was always dressed in an old-fashioned style-short breeches, white silk stockings, buckles on his shoes, and a pigtall of considerable length. which, when the little man was tripping through the streets, "flow from one shoulder to the other, cut all kinds of capers, and seemed o mock his master behind his back." Often when the old gentleman was reading his when the old gentleman was reading his paper, young Heinrich was selzed with a wicked desire "to take hold of his little pigtail and pull it as if it were a bell rope." Although the most amiable of men, he would be exasperated at this rude treatment, and wring his hands over the disrespect of the younger generation. Unck Simon-who fortunately had enough money to live on, in a comfortable old house called Noah's Ark-was possessed with a desire to write: but his style was stiff and his subjects dry, and there was little demand for his work In Noah's Ark was an attic, and in this attic a lot of books and relies of past generations that made the place one of great fascination to the imaginative Heinrich. The only other living thing besides the lad that visited this floor was an Angora cat, who "with her tail wiped the dust and the cobwebs partially away from the old rubbish that was stored there." In this attic stood a dilapidated old cradle, in which Frau Heine had been rocked; the "gaia wig' of her father, "which was perfectly rotten, and seemed to have become childish from age, was now lying in it." The best and most valu-able thing that Heinrich found in this retreat was a notebook in the handwriting of a brother of his grandfather, who was called the "Cheva-lier" or the "Oriental"—a man of adventurous spirit, whose romantic career fired the imagination of the young poet.

Heine flatly denies the accusation that he

was ashamed of his father's side of the house. If the picture he paints of his amiable paren be a true one, there was no reason in the world was a Jew, and at one time he had an excellent business, importing velveteens into Germany from London. That he was a man not without wisdom is proved by his address to his son, who, he heard, had denied God and seoffed at religious things. "My dear son, your mether lets you study philosophy at Rector Schmallmeyer's. That is her business. I, for my part, do not like philosophy. I am a merchant, and need my head for my business. You may be as much of a philosopher as you wish, but I beg you not to say openly what you think, for it would injure my business if my customers should bear that I have a son who does not believe in God. The Jews, especially, would buy no more velveteens of me, and they are an honest secole, pay promptly, and have

also a right to stick to their selicion. I am your father, and consequently older than you, and therefore I have also more experience than you. For this reason you may believe me upon my word when I take the liberty to tell you that atheism is a great sin."

This worldly-wise father was a man of luxurious habits, fond of parading the streets in the showy uniform of the home guards, of which body he was a Captain, somewhat pompous in manner, but charitable to the poor, and on the whole a man of very amiable qualities.
The son's first experiment in looking up his paternal ancestry was not encouraging. One day, when a small boy, he asked his father who his grandfather was, to which the latter an swered, half laughing and half cross: "Your grandfather was a little Jew with a big beard," The next day, when he entered school, Hein-rich hastened to tell his comrades the important news that his grandfather was a little Jew with a big beard. Scarcely had he made this announcement when the mis-chievous youngsters took up the tale and shouted it in every key, while others imitated the noises of various animals. Such a hubbul was created that a teacher rushed angrily into the room, and, seeing that Heinrich was the the room, and, seeing that Heinrich was the most conspicuous figure, flew at him and beat him until his back was covered with deep blue stripes. Heins never forgot the man who whipped him nor the occasion of the flogging—his uniusky genealogical revelation; and the after effect of those early impressions was no great that whenever little Jows with big beards were mentioned he felt "an uncomfortable recollec-tion" running down his back "like a shudder."

Frau Heine had to use a good deal of tast in managing her handsome, good-natured husband and in broaking up some of his bad habits. He was, says his son, "easily induced to take part in high gambling; he protected the theatre, or rather its priesteeses, and had even a passion for horses and dogs." With all his faults he was the one human being upon earth whom Heine loved most, and it was with more than childish veneration that he would kiss the hand his father held out to him—"s beautiful, finely-cut, aristocratic hand, which he used to wash in bran of almonds. I still see it before me. I still see every little blue vein which ran across this marble-white hand. It my nostrils, and my eyes become moist." "It is in vain that I try, by shaking the belis of my fool's cap, to drown with their noise the melancholy that comes over me when I think

of my deceased father." From this record of Heine's youth, with its current of humor touched with occasional lapses into sadness, we turn to the story of his last days. Suddenly, from the handsome, vivacious boy in love with the executioner's daughter, we find him a miserable, suffering invalid, whose emaciated frame was propped up in a big chair with cushions, and whose heart was kept warm by the sympathy and love of the young woman to whom he gave the pet name of "Mouche," and who has just given this small volume of recollections to the world under the nom de plume of Camilie Seiden. Although he still loved his buxom wife, there was little sympathy between them, and she found more pleasure among the gayeties of her If the little mouchs had not flown in to buzz around his pillow, his last days would have been even harder to bear than they were. This young woman, whom we may call Mile. Selden, had all her life been an admirer of Heine's poetry, but her meeting with him was by accident. She went to his house in Paris to de-liver some music intrusted to her care by a friend of Heine's in Vienna. She gave it to the servant at the door, and was turning away when a sharp ring resounded from the adjoining room, followed by an imperious voice for-bidding her departure. She returned, and through a door opened by the servant entered a very dark room where she "stumbled against a screen covered with colored paper in imitation of lacquer. Behind this screen a man. sick and half blind, lay stretched upon a low couch; though no longer young, he still appeared so, and his face bore traces of former beauty. Imagine, if you can," exclaims this entitusiastic admirer, "the smile of Mephistopheles passing over the face of Christ-Christ draining the dregs of the chalice." The invalid raised himself from his pillows, held out his hand, and expressed his happiness at meeting with anybody arriving from "yonder," meaning his native Germany. When the visitor took her leave he invited her to come and see him again, but she, thinking it only a polite formula, kept away, fearing to disturb the invalid. A scolding letter received from him set at rest all doubts on this score, and her visits were continued until she followed him to the grave. The poet's dwelling resembled of good taste, no attempt even at comfort-s mediey of furniture and articles recalling the barbarous fancy of that degenerate epoch when mahogony was in vogue, and whitewood was relegated to the lumber room. The apartment was situated on the fifth floor of a house in the Avenue Matignon. Its windows overlooked the avenue, and were covered with little awnings and striped linen. Three or four room constituted the apartment. A couch, a screen and a wainut deak were all the furniture Heine's room. His wife's room, more feminine, was decorated with imitation lace, cupboards covered with velvet, and a full-length portrait, "placed in a good light," of Mme Heine in her youth. With perfect frankness Mile. Selden expresses beropinion of the poet's wife, "a homely, dark, stout lady, with a high color and a jovial countenance." There was a painful contrast between this "robust woman and the pale, dying man, who, with one foot in the grave, summoned sufficient energy to earn not only enough for the daily bread, but money besides to purchase beautiful dresses." The occupants of this spartment were, besides the poet and his wife, Catherine, the nurse, Paulina, a lame woman-com-panion, ladies' maid, and maid of all work; a secretary for the poet, and an old, half-par-alyzed Jew, who called himself Dr. Lœuvre, and lived on Heine's bounty. The visitors were a strange lot-"relics of the past, waifs society which Heine wittily styled. Le demiprincier." Among them were the Princess Belgiojoso, who visited the poet to com-plain of her ruined digestion, which obliged her to partake only of iced food at midnight; the Princess W——, "another wreck, from Weimar, redolent of tobacco;" an Englishwoman, the original of Lady Matilda in the "Reisebilder," and also "the famous god-mother of 'L'Enfant du siècle,' the chosen confidant of the lovers in her social circle, tiny Mme. Jaubert, a diminutive woman, neat, well gloved, and carrying a little umbrella."

well gloved, and carrying a little umbrella."

Mile, Seiden bocame necessary to the dying poet's existence, and when she missed a visit to his bodside he wrote her the most entreating letters: "My good, my gracious, and my fine moutche, come and buzz around my nose with your little wings. I know a song of Mendelssohn's, of which the burden is, Come soon." That melody haunts me continually. "Come soon," That melody haunts me continually. "Come soon," It kiss the two dear paws, not together, but one after the other. Adieu!" All of the letters Mile. Seiden received from Heine are but variations on this one note. At the end of the book she prints a bunch of "passion flowers"—poems, she calls them—addressed by Heine to his little mouche. They also breathe the same spirit—the terrible banter that runs through his most serious writings. Here is one that may serve as a fair specimen:

Tear my sides, my chest, my face, with red-hot incers day me alive, shoot stong me rather than seep concern.

Tear my sides, my chest, my face, with red-hot pincers, flav me alive, shoot, stone me rather than acep ne wailing.

With all imaginable torture cruelly break my limbs, but do not keep me waiting; for of all torments disappointed expectation is the most painful.

I expected thee all yesterday afternoon until 6 o'clock. But thos distant come, thou witch, and I grew almost mad. Impatience encircled me like the folds of a viper, and I bounded on my couch at every ring; but oh! mortal arguish, it did not bring thee.

Thou didst not come; I fer, I fume, and Satanus whispered meekingly in my ear; "The charming iotus flower makes fun of thee, thou old fool!"

Modesty, parhaps, deterred Mile. Selden from publishing these letters and "poems" until the present time, but "circumstances." she says have modified my ideas and cancelled my scruples, "and she considers that she no longer possesses any right to withhold certain writings which, though addressed to her, "form none the less part of Heinrich Heine's works, and may, by completing the story of his life they have their value, but it cannot with truth be said that Heine's fame will be isorcased by this revelation of the sick man's peerish emotions.

THE BEWITCHED BLACKSMITH. The Stagetar Power of a Matte Man He called by a Permer Townsman.

"I don't know what there may be in this Luia Hurst business," said a former resident of Gardiner, Maine, now in business in this city, "but I do know that John Downs of Auburn, Maine, possesses a 'power' that is much more extraordinary than the Hurstgirt's even if there be no deception about the latter. Downs is known as the bewitched blacksmith. When I left Maine, fifteen years ago, he had just become aware that the exercise of his distress of mind over its possible consequences having just had a painful demonstration of what might occur from its presence. He was not a particularly strong man himself, but by touching others he seemed to endow them with extraordinary strength. This singular power he was able not only to confer on human beings, but he could infuse animals with it. I remember once seeing a team stalled in a road leading to Auburn. They were attached to a heavy load, and the forewheels of the wagon ran into a deep rut, and the horses were unable to pull them out. The driver was about to remove a nortion of his load, when Downs chanced to be driving by. He stopped, and, telling the driver to leave the load as it was, alighted. He rubbed each horse on the head and zeck, and almost instantly they became nervous and restless. Downs told the driver to start them up. He did so, and the horses hauled the load out of the rut with the greatzst esse, and went off at such a gait that the driver found difficulty in controlling them. Boys who were barrely able to lift the heavy sledge hammers in Downs's blacksmith shop had only to receive the power from the bewitched blacksmith's touch to swing them with the case of eid vulcan himseil. This singular strength given to others would remain in force from tan minutes to half an hour, and in passing away left the subject weak and depressed, and sometimes quite ill. For this reason Downs finally refused to make subjects of any one. He was possessed, also, of great meameric power, and with this he furnished uo end of amusement to his friends. Every day he had some one running on the most foolish of errands, or performing all sorts of odd monkey slines. On one occasion a stern, dignified, and greatly feared clersyman of the place defied the blacksmith to place him under the influence of his alleged mystic spell. In five minutes' time Downs had despatched the clersyman to a tobacconist's, a long distance away, for a clay pipe and live cents' worth of tobacco, with which he roturned as meekly as the most obedienterrand boy.

"Downs finally ceased exercising this power also, and had not subjected any one to it for more than a year. Charlies Woodward a well-known business man of Auburn, and a great friend of the bewitched blacksmith's, the two having been in the army together returned home from a long absence from town about that time. Downs went out Woodward well-known business man of Auburn, and a great heartily, and threw one arm about woodward in the time and appearance until late Friday morning. He bearded with a man named dawin Blake. Blake thought that Woodward had been portion of his load, when Downs chanced to be driving by. He stopped, and, telling the driver

ward, singular as it seemed, was celebrating his return home. Blake learned that Woodward had been around town smashing things generally. When he returned to his boarding house Blake got him tog to bed, and sent for a physician. People called to see Woodward, and he astounded many of them by telling numerous family and business secrets of theirs which he had had no possible means of becoming acquainted with. The physician said Woodward was sufforing from hysteria, and advised that he be rubbed with atrong mustard water. Blake undertook the task. He had rubbed Woodward but a short time, when he was seized with a strange nervous twitching and contraction of the muscles. At the same time Woodward came to his senses, Blake took up the singing and danning, and acted as Woodward had been doing for two days. Besides that, he became possessed of most wonderful strength, and it required four strong men to manage him. To this was added the still more remarkable power of telling what the intentions of any one of his attendants was, and what he was thinking about, making it impossible for them to use strategic measures in dealing with him.

"It was not until Woodward was restored to his senses that it was known that Downs had been to see him. It was then at once believed that he had been under the strange influence of the bewitched blacksmith, and tust this had been transmitted to Blake. Downs was at once sent for, to see if he could not remove the spell he had inspired. He visited Blake at once of the power, or whatever it might be called, as he removed it from Blake, and for several minutes he could restrain himself with only the exercise of his will to the utmost. He said that he had felt depressed and nervous ever since his visit to Woodward on Thursday, and had not been able to account for it. There was no thought of measurism in his mind when he greeted Woodward on that day. He said then that he would never shake hands or touch any one again, if he could he help it. I have never seen him since I left there, and I had

SAILORS' BREATH KNIVES.

Weapon and Utentil Combined which the Law Could Not Do Away With. "What do you use that knife for?" said a young man yesterday afternoon to a sailor who was seated on a narrow board hung by a rope over the side of a big ship, where he was more

It's a handy tool for cuttin' a plug when I wants a bit of a smoke arter I gets through with the grub, and it comes werry convenient for scrapin' down topmasts or cuttin' the lashing

Here the man drew the blade from its sheath with one hand, while he shoved the handle of his paint brush into his belt and pulled a big black plug of tobacco from his trousers pocket with the other. Then he shaved off several slips of the tobacco, replaced the knife and the olug, rolled the dippings between his palms a bit, and then poked them from his left palm into his short wooden pipe, using his right

plug, rolled the dilppings between his palms a bit, and then poked them from his left palm into his short wooden pipe, using his right forefinger. He dexterously lighted a match on his trousers leg and started the smoke from his pipe in spite of a fresh breeze.

"What is 'rattlee down'?' was asked.

"It's when we takes them old rattins off them shrouds there and seizes on new ones. Riggers does it mostly these times. Riggers is about all the sailors there is left."

"What did your knife and the belt cost you?"

"That haint a werry perlite question, young man, but seein' as how you didn't mean no harm by it, I don't mind tellin' ye that I paid 20 cents up there by the big bridge. The sheath cost ton cents more, and the belt, which it's a werry good one and extra long so's to circumnavigate a werry well deweloped atomick, come to a matter of 25 cents more, and that made 55 cents for the outfit; and a werry good one it is."

"Home of them cost more, and that made 55 cents for the outfit; and a werry good one it is."

"Home of them cost more, don't they?"

"Yes, if you've plenty of money about ye and yer load o' rum aren't well stowed you might have to pay more. Some knives is wuth more, but I wouldn't give more'n 75 cents for the best one i ever see.

"It's against the law to carry sheath knives, isn't it' cause I never heard of nobody gettin' a-rested for carryin' on 'em. Some o' the Captains don't like 'em, and has us break the pinis off. In the navy the men carries big clasp knives swung to the end of pretty little white lanyards, what they splices around their necks. Them fellers is reg'lar dudes. You might a seen some on 'em down the Bowery."

"Bo saliors carry other kinds of knives?"

"Bo saliors carry other kinds of knives?"

"Bo saliors carry other kinds of knives?"

"Bo saliors arry other kinds of knives?"

"Bo saliors is sports, and carries diddy boxes stowed chock full o' such finery."

"The salior blew a cloud of smoke from his pipe, knocked the tobacco into his hand, put out the fire, replaced the tob

THE BOURTING MALADY.

go Montal Afflectone which have been Some months ago Prof. Tamburini, a distinguished Italian alienist, and later Prof. Magnan of Paris, gave an interesting account of certain eccentricities of nervous origin which he had met with in some of his patients. The cases cited appear to belong to what some writers have called the "diseases of civilization," and their groundwork is regarded as resting in impaired volition. The intellect itself is believed to be, at least for the time being, practically unim-paired, and recognizes the absurdity of the ideas which constitute the trouble, with-out being able to banish the thought of them from the mind. The essential characteristics of this mental disturbance are said to be everrecurring and termenting doubts about the most trivial things, followed by some form of morbid dread. Sometimes it is a fear of dirt. to touch anything. An example is given of a lady having this affliction, who washed her hands more than 200 times a day. Another patient would not touch a door knob without putting on gloves, while another, who spent four hours every night in preparing for bed, always used up twenty fresh towels in drying his hands. A serious cave of the sort is that of a young lady who conceived so great an abhorrence of a man who had been paying his addresses to her, that she heaped together all of the articles in her parker which had been touched by him, and set fire to them. A case is mentioned of a postmistress who washed her hands after each letter she handled. At the end of the day she would be so exhausted with her efforts as to be hardly able to go to her home. She was well aware of her folly—as, in fact, all of them are—but could not resist its influence. to touch anything. An example is given of a

home. She was well aware of her folly—as, in fact, all of them are—but could not resist its influence.

Cases are given of people who have a fear of moving from their seat or of getting out of bed; the trouble is called atremia. Claustrophilia is the fear of remaining in a closed place. The fear of crossing a street or square is called agoraphobia. According to the Journal de Médecise, this trouble may give rise to veritable anguish, and even result in syncope. Curiously enough, the fear wholly disappears when the patient is accompanied by a person whose hand or ciothing he may be able to touch. In a case of claustrophobia, a lady would reside only on the lower floor of a house, and insisted that every door except the one looking upon the street should be open night and day. Another patient troubled with claustrophilia, however, was unable to sleep in any but a very small bedroom, and the sight of an open door was insupportable to lier. Prof. Magnan says that in cases of this sort, which seem to be wholly impulsive, it is impossible to discover the cause. The patients themselves have no idea whatever of the origin of the occentricity.

Cases of what is called folic impulsive are cled as increasing with the advance of civilization. One class of them is caused by an unreasonable passion for domestic animals. One lady brought on an obstinate, chronic condition of nervous sleeplessness in imagining the suffering she supposed horses must feet when kept out of doors on rainy nights. The noise made by the snapping of a whin would drive her nearly wild, and the sight of a coachman touching up his lazy animal would bring about a convuision or a state of syncope. If a horse feli near her in the street she always rushed to interfere in the animal's behalf. The scene made a strong impression on her, and she was unable to resist an impulse to go every morning to the stable to make sure that the animal was not shused.

Other persons are described as suffering from what is called "word mania." Some of

able to resist an impulse to go every morning to the stable to make sure that the animal was not abused.

Other persons are described as suffering from what is called "word mania." Some of these are constantly seeking for some word which they never succeed in finding, and whose purport they cannot even describe. Others find their happiness in life utterly destroyed on account of the imperious necessity they feel of pronouncing, at short intervals, some particular word which they distest. Some of them are in constant fear of pronouncing certain words which they wish to avoid uttering. A lady in the latter category was certain that if she pronounced particular words some people of her acquaintance would die. The desire to say them grew irresistible, and she repeated them. As, however, the persons did not die, she appears to have become sured, for the time at least, of her malady. A man belonging to the first-mentioned group devoted himself for a long time to trying to recall the name of a man he had met but once, and in whom he had no real interest. Still another one affected with the word mania "was pursued by the word "orgic," which he foit himself obliged, under pain of a horrible perplexity, to pronounce, performing certain sets or executing some particular movements."

Some of the examples given by writers on nervous troubles would be amusing as well as curious if they did not so frequently give rise to suffering on the part of the persons afflicted. A student, for instance, is described as follows:

Wishing to make a journey, he as a boont packing his value, but soon tegan to hesitate about the disposition.

Wishing to make a journey, he set about packing his value, but soon began to hesitate about the disposition he should make of each particular object. Then he changed their places a great number of times, and fell into great perplexity with regard to each one of his modifications. Finally he arrived at a condition of extreme mental anguish, and was forced to confide the operation of packing up to another person. operation of packing up to another person.

One of the same class of doubters propared to reply to the letters of some friends interested in his health, but experienced so many doubts—all of them trivial—concerning what he should say, that he was at last seized with a profound feeling of anguish and despair and was restrained with difficulty from hanging himself forthwith.

The origin of these affections, which have been described by Prof. Le Grand du Saulle under the designation of "mandy of doubting with the designation of "maindy of doubting with delirium of the sense of touch," is thought to be due in a considerable degree to hereditary predisposition. The other causes named are thought to be mostly those of a debilitating nature, such as directly after or exhaust the brain; those which act indirectly, by exhaust thing the energy of the nervous system in general, or by impairing the nutrition of nervectures. Among the causes mentioned are

eral, or by impairing the nutrition of nerve centres. Among the causes mentioned are fright, injuries to the head, intellectual fa-tigue, certain reflex physiological actions. The affection is more frequent in women than in men, and occurs oftenest in young people among the better educated classes. It may have serious results, but its amenability to treatment does not seem to be fully defined. or less industriously applying paint. The knife was in the sheath on his right hip, where satiors usually carry knives.
"Mostly for histin' in scouse and such like. ABSENT-MINDED WOMEN.

> Stories Told by Chuckling Chicago Husband About their Better Halves. From the Chicago News. "Speaking of absent-minded people," said

"Speaking of absent-minded people," said a west sider. "women beat the nation at that. There is my wife, one of the most careful and most level-headed women in the world. But one night last winter we went to a large party, and we both, for special reasons, were more than anxious to appear well. My wife was greatly concerned about me, as I am the absent-minded member of the family, and looked me over critically and carefully after I left the coat room and before we went down stairs. She was berself all right, of course, and was supprily dressed. We went down in high feather, and had spent a delightful half hour on paralle duty, as it were, when my wife suddenly turned pale in what I thought was a fainting fit. I hurried her from the room, and was about to turn the house upside down in scarch of restoratives when she cluiched my siews and pointed to her feat. She had before leaving home drawn over her shoes a pair of my seeks, and had forgothen to remove them. The thought that she had been parading before three hundred people with those seeks on was too much for her."

A South Sider, who had listened to this, said, after indulging in a contented little chuckle: "My wife tells almost as good a story as that on herself. She is, as everybody knows who knows her at all, very particular about her dress, and she grieves over a spot on my coat or a lack of polish on my shees with a grief that will not be comforted. She went down street shopping on one occasion this spring, and in trying on bonnets became a little disturbed over the fact that none of the new shapes suited her face. She therefore picked up her parasol, and sked out of the store called on a very aristocratic acquaintance, and taken it off to try on the new ones, and, as she expressed it, had been parading along the streets with nothing on her head but a small veil across her forehead. She didn't scold me about the spots on my coat for a week."

"I have a better story than that, said a superintendent of one of the departments at Feids. Not long ago a fashio

From the Land of Wooden Natmers. From the New Haven Begister.

A novel and unique harometer has been discovered by fair liaven residents in the vicinity of the quinniples bridge. A near approach of rain is always indicated by many teams loaded with hav coming toward the city. The explanation given is that farmers as set this time to transport hay, as the dampness makes is weigh much more.

CURIOUS PRATURES OF ACTUAL LOS

Capt. James T.—, an old Portland shipmaster, told the following shock story to a citisen. He
said that one night, on the voyage from which he had
just returned, while lying off the battery at New Fork,
waiting for the crew to come on board, he beard come
on the top of the bouse onling "sames T.—, same
T.—." Now this was not only the Captain's mane, but
size that of his son, who was his made on this voyage.
Only the Captain, mate, and steward were on hourd, and
on hearing the voice they all want on forch, but are ofone. The steward has reg.
The next day the bark salled for Rindsmeire, and several strange occurrences took place on the passage. One
morning his son, the mate, said to him: "(aptain, the
ship is haunted. I turned out on my watch at frur
of-lock in the morning, and as I went out of the cabin
door I saw some one in white, but before I could distinguish whether it was male or famile it disappeare
and was frightened:

Some days after his the seward called the Captain,
and was frightened:
Captain west to the had not yet come on deet. The
Captain west to the mate apparently laughing at him, but
distorted sountenance it appeared that he had been
frightened to death. Several other strange occurrences
happened on board, and on arriving at Rio the steward
left the vessel on account of feeling that she was haunleft the vessel on account of feeling that she was haunleft the vessel on account of feeling that she was haun-

"And now how many people did you take And now are the reporter of the manager of reason of "saked the reporter of the manager of reason of the manager of two nights over 2,018 people each night, and I have no doubt we red over 5,000 people a day."

Now, for the bar, Mr. Howe, the broad and bountiful and thirsty har?"

"Well, beginning with Sunday, we took in at the bar over \$1,000 daily."

and thirsty har?"
"Well, beginning with Sunday, we took in at the bar over \$1,000 daily."
"When well well, how does that compare with the bar receipts during the Republican Convention? Do the Bourbons drink unusually early and often?"
"Well, as a fact, the Republicans drank more wine and the Democrats more straight stiff over the bar. One day during the Republican Convention the receipts were \$1,400. But patronage of the bar depended much upon the seasons of the Convention. If one occurred in the evening, for unstance, it knocked the bottom quite out of the bar business."

Brown-Sequard's Last Great Experis From the London Dully News.

Paris, June 30.—The last canine martyrdom
o science operated by M. Bruwn-Seguard was of a pegu

eyes opened, and on the professor calling the dog by his names an attempt was made to answer by a caresing lend. When the arterial blood was cananized life disappeared.

The Laborde on Canapi's head on her and a half after the professor of the

The Cheerful Young Kentucklan. From the Chicago News.

A young man with exalted Notions of free Trade was once Anxious to Furchase an Arabian Steed. Accordingly he visual conference and Called for the mest District of the Conference of the Confere

From the Boston Globe.

A long-haired, long-logged gontleman, wearing a duster, a tail hat, and gold-bowed spectacles, recently approached the tieste window of a Canseway street depot, when the following dialogue took place:

"Is this the backet office?"

"Yes, air."

"Yes, ar."
"Do you sell tickets to Poolville ?"
"Tes, sir."
"What is the price of a ticket to Poolville ?"

"One dollar and seventy five cents."

H'an (pause). Do you have tickets for elergymen?"
Yes, sir,"
"H'm. What is the price of those?"
One dollar and seventy-live doubts."
The tong-haired stranger glanced sternly at the irreversity railroad man over his spectacles, purchased attelest, and departed.

A Baby Killed by Lightning. From the Battimere Sum.

Howard L. Six, aged 22 months, son of Mr ames Six, was lying asleep on the floor in the back sec James Six, was lying asleep on the floor in the back sec-ond-story room, in which there is only one window. The lower sain was up and the shutter were cloud. The lower sain was up and the shutter were cloud. The haby as a separate ship was a second below. When Six says she away something in the kitchen below. Was Six says she away something that looked ike a ball of fire dart past the kitchen a few seconds be-fore a deafoning roar of thunder. She turned to be-mother and asked her to run up stairs and see if the noise had awakems! Howard. diothes out of the window. Mrs. Six ran up stairs nearly frantic. Site thinged her baby to her breast and tried to coax him to speak to her, but the child remained motionless. He was dead. There was a red spot on the little fellow's right temple and several similar spots on his neck and unier his chil. In the wall was a hole about a foot in diameter, from which the plaster had been scattered about the floor. There is nothing in the room to show the course of the lightling except the hole in the wall, nor are there any indications on the roof that the lightling camp that way. Howard was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Six.

Pasteur's Hydrophobia Investigations. From the London Times.

Prom the London Times.

Partia, July 6.—M. Pasteur's experiments with the virue of hydrophobia are going on with unbroken success. He has thus far experimented on 27 measurements of them most controlled them the state of the s or only temporarily.

M. Pasteur's theory is that hydrophobia is produced solely by the bite, and if this is correct a law compelling M. Pasteur's theory is that hydrophobia is produced solicy by the bite, and it this is correct a law compelling all dogs to be inocanated would in the end extrapate hydrophobia entirely, whereas if the discase arises spontaneously such an enactment would be issue effectual. M. Pasteur's theory, however, seems to be guinny acceptance, and his experience, whether they lead to the extirpation or unerely to the deminution of this form of suffering, must be watched with interest.

Prom the Folesie Binde.

One day during a noted Kentucky campaign, and while the Confederate army was passing through after county, Gen. Breckenridge, approaching Gen. Hindman, said:
"We are only a short distance now from Bear Weller and are not very far from Jintown."
The solemnity of his marier attracted Hindman's serious sitention, and, regarding Breckenridge with a long look of magiry, he asked:
"But, 6e term, why does our marness to those places so concern you?" seriods attention, and, regarding Breckenridge with a long look of inquiry, he asked:

"But, 6e term, why does our marness to those places a concern you?"

"Well, you see," Brackenridge replied, "I fear it will he my face to be killed in at, action at Jintown or Bear Waller!" he repeated. "The thought of being killed at a place with red, a some makes me sick."

No Mystery About This Georgia Girl. From the Columbia Sentinet.

From the Columbia Sentinet.

Geography, Ga C 20-84.

My Drar Honry: I have just inid aside my work and have taken my pen in hand to show you that I do think about you in fact the trouble is to keep from thinking of you all the time this afternoon just before commencing dinner I feit so lonely that I didn't know what to do now as I never had such feelings before I not you I cannot help but think I must be to love well it I am in love with you I am sure I have no need to be ashamed of it you see when I got the potatoes and was about to have them for dinner I just thought how nice I would be If I was just doing that for your dinner and mine only in love sing little house when you have a long the little house in the same in the little in a hurry but then I would like to yet married if we are going to do it at all and not be feeling away all these short summer evenings as ever your Darling.

From the Macon Relegraph.

We wore on the Huguenin plantation, in Sumter county, a modest farm of R. R. acres. The manager
walked to the end of the versules and gave a whoop.
An answering shout was heard, and in a few infinites a
long line of disksy forms came stealing through the An answering shout was beard, and in a few minutes a long line of dusky forms came stealing through the shadows of the pines and ranged themselves in front of where we sent. The song began and the musiciance commenced to pat. Buddenly into the centre of the open ring leaped the sable dancer who was to personate the buzzerd. Though denoing in perfect time to the wild dust musician accompanionent to yet managed to imitate with marvelous exactness every inovement of the discussion great was faithfully, delinosed, as were also its said-den springs from right to left, its thind approach, its ravesous pack and sublem retreaf from the craved but dreaded carcase, which in his homoly drams, was represented by a hat that looked indeed as if the buzzerde had been after it.

Anything to Draw a Crowd.

The Salvation Army announced that at their meeting on Monday there would be shown "a boy with hair like heaven." This in itself was sufficient to attract an immense erowd to the M-chanics' Institute, and after the said crowd and remained in the hall on the yei vite for a couple of hours, the "feature" was at leng a salhidited. The surmises of the congregation that the lad would be a live white youth of 7 or 8 summers, with hair of daxen hise, proved incorrect, as, upon the Chairman's signal, a well-grown son of flam stepped forth. "Now," said the Captain, "we will proceed with our promise. You would hardly imagine that this youth has hair like baseven? But he has, in that head show a face as black as your hair you cannot distinguish a parting—hence the similarity." Amid the languishes of the on-lookare the army struck as "There'll be no parting there." From the Tarmania Mail.